J. G. PUNTY, PUBLISHER MARBLE HILL . . M. sorting

THE New York editor who aubscribed \$100,000 for New York's world's fair on condition that twenty-four other citizens should each subscribe the same amount, is likely to get a reputation for liberality and public spirit without diminishing his bank accout.

Four hundred men belonging to the bricklayers' union of New York were recently compelled by walking delegates to strike because their employers used cement manufactured by a firm having in its hire four colored teamsters who were non-union men. If the 400 men submit to such arbitrary instructions then is labor crushed indeed, and seemingly beyond all help.

THE figures 3-7-77 look as if they might be a policy play. Well, perhaps they are, but out in Helena, Mont., they mean that the citizens are invited to a lynching bee in the immediate future. The vigilantes chalk them upon the street corners, and print them in the newspapers. The folks know what is coming, and tough people begin to feel anxious in the region of the seventh cervical vertebra.

In early days railway accidents were chiefly due to the attempt to pass trains on a single track. Now they are largely caused by bumping them together from the rear. The accident on the New York Central recently was purely of modern type. A passenger train engine broke down, and a pursuing train, before it could be warned, smashed into the rear of a private car standing still. Were the sections moving too closely together, or were the means of signalling insufficient?

THE proposition to establish "coffee taverns" in large cities as counteractive agents to the saloons shows a better understanding of human nature than is evidenced by much of the so-called temperance work. A great many men drift into saloons because there is no other public place open to them. A sensibly conducted coffee-house, light and warm, with newspapers and periodicals to read, where men may chat and smoke without dread of religious proselyting, would prove attractive to many men who now frequent more demoralizing resorts. It is the wise old plan of "overcoming evil with good," and deserves encouragement,

A STATISTICIAN, who has been investicating labor-saving machinery, presents the following as some of the results of his inquires. In making boots and shoes the work of 500 operatives is done by 100; in the manufacture of flour 75 per cent. of the manual labor once necessary has been done away with; in coal mining 160 men can produce as much as 500 by old methods; in brick-making a saving of 10 per cent. has been made; a workman makes a carriage in twelve days that used to require thirty-five days of his labor; in cotton factories ne weaver manages from two to ten looms whereas one worker used to have enough to do to tend only one.

SUPT. JASPER says that the manual training course in our public schools is proving a great success. It is now in operation in twenty-seven schools and is being gradually extended. The system is not intended to teach trades, but anything of importance—only just a simply the rudiments of manual industry, just as the higher grades teach the have a friend from London staying rudiments of mental industry. Ten boys will need to know in after life how to use a tool or a machine to one who

ill need to know how to use books or pen. It is therefore right and ration-I to make the training of the eye and hand and judgement and instruction in the use of tools and materials a component part of the public-school system,

Our on the windy and deserted picnic ground the gaunt and awful refreshment booth is strewing its ice-cream and lemonade signs all the way from the empty dancing platform to the extinct beer pavilion. The stalwart young men who lately purchased three throws at their Aunt Sally with stray nickels or who dallied with the wheel of fortune in reckless moments are now piloting coal wagons through the city streets or are stabbing steers in the slaughtering emporiums of Packingtown. The lovely young women who lately illuminated those suburban groves with lawn and ribbons are now baking buckwheat cakes in the frosty calm of these October mornings or are bestowing fairy touches on the rare beefsteak beloved of the citizen. Therefore the picnic ground at this season is a melancholy place, only popular with cows and suicides.

A PHILADELPHIA firm of contractor have done something that is liable to set all their brethern in the trade against them. They have turned out the manof-war Baltimore, which ran off he four hours' trial without breaking anything without even slipping an eccen There are no apologies made for the Balrimore, so excuses because she was a new vessel, or because of inclement weather. She did rather more work than was expected and proved herself one of the fastest men-of-war affoat. While a tale like this has all the freshness of novelty for the country at large (which has grown gray on numberless consions striving to find out what wasn't the matter with our mavy), for the other contractors this innovation will come with the force of a sudden blow. The prevalent idea of a man-of-war has been that it was simply comething to in said for by the government. to paid for by the govern

ONE BRIGHT SPOT.

Wandering through life's wildernes.
I grope my troubled way,
Hope pointing on to plainer paths,
As day succeeds to day;
My guiding star ofttimes obscured,
So that I see it not,
But all along the toilsome way,
I still have one bright spot.

A worldly, weary pilgrim,
Ofttimes with incasured treat,
Ofttimes with little sunshine,
To fail upon my head,
Ofttimes with loaded crosses
That may not be laid down,
But I know there yet remaineth,
If true, a victor's crown.

To win that crown and wear it,

All worthity and well,
All worthity and well,
Will bring full compensation
For woes that once befell;
When the "wicked cease from troubling
And the weary" no more roam.
That One Bright Spot I still shall have,
And that Bright Spot—My Home.

My Home, O joy indeed, to know That when life's race is run,

That when life's race is run,
When breaks the resurrection morn,
And a new life's begun,
That through gleams of golden glory,
Reaching up to Heaven's dome,
That One Bright Spot will mirrored be -Good Housekeeping

A BRIEF SORROW.

SAY, Faith, if that's going on, you'll have to look you'll have to look out for another situation as housekeeper, I'm thinking."

"So you have told me before now." replied Faith Freke, with a smile. ooking in the direction indicateddown a gravel-path to the right of the old gray-stone porch under which she stood with her companion, where a lady in a dark gray velvet walking well. dress was pacing slowly with the Vienr of Westcott at her side. both seeming oo engrossed in conversation to think of the sharp eyes of the boy and girl they had left at the door.

Well, don't you agree with me?" "There's no saying for certain, of course; but, even if it did come to cass, uncle Aylmer would not want to get rid of me on that account-nor, I

would'n care to stop and play gooseperry! I should think you would rather ome and be my housekeeper!"

brough her clear dark skin. Tom Berkeley had more than once told her aughingly that if ever her uncle got narried she would have to become Mrs. Berkeley. She was the Vicar's piece, and had kept house for him over since she came to the vicarage on the death of her widowed mother, year, since, when she was a quiet shy child of thirteen, old in mind and manner through the early responsibility that had been thrust upon her during er mother's lingering illness, yet childish in appearance.
Tom Berkeley of Wescott Manor was

Faith's senior by one year-a tall, slight and singularly handsome boy of eighteen, who, from the first appearnce of the little maid, had been her friend and champion, in spite of his careless idle life and the bad character bore in the neighborhood.

"Well, I wonder how long they are going to be?" he said, wheeling ound again to look at the two new distant figures. "Should you think he's proposing to her. Faith? He looks in earnest, doesn't he?"

"You had better ask her when she ome back," replied Faith, laughing. Are you going to the Stephensons'

The boy made a grimace. "Guess not. I'm not cut out for at sort of thing."

.Oh, you are-as much as any one!"-with a quick glance at his

handsome, delicate, yet spirited face. 'Only you never go anywhere," "And you think I want licking into shape, ch?"

I think it would do you good to mix with your neighbors sometimes, like other people." Faith admitted frankly. "And this isn't a ball or little dance because the Stevensons with them and want to amuse her You might just as well come."

"If I did, would you dance with

"Of course-if you asked me." "I shouldn't ask anybody else-I don't like strange young ladies; and they wouldn't like like me, I'm sure" "But they won't be strangers; they will all be old friends, except the Stephensons' visitor."

"They'll all look at me out of the corners of their eyes!" Oh, no. they wouldn't! They

yould be very pleased to see you.' "They'd think I was going to turn er a new leaf." "Well, that would be a very good thing to think!"

Now, Faith, don't you begin! get enough from other folks." I'm sure I don't want to preach, Fom: but I cannot bear to see you wasting your time when you might be

loing so much. "Nonsense! It will be all right when Waring comes home from Africa and helps me to get a commission. I

shall have enough to do then." "But that is all so uncertain. then, if it really is to be, you ought to be studying—uncle Aylmer says so

Bosh! A soldier doesn't want lot of dry old books crammed into him! It's very different for Mr. Freke of course. I don't want to study: I want to go and fight and bring fresh

glory upon the poor old name."
"Yes; but if you—" But seeing the cloud of impatience that began to gather on his brow, she checked her-self, and said simply, "I hope you may, some day.'

All of them here think that I am in a hopele-s slough of idleness, and wickedness," he went on; "but what etter ambition could I have than that of following in the steps of my forefathers, and making the old name, which is forgotten by the world now,

nous again?" "But, dear Tom, you are hardly going the way to fulfill that ambi-tion," Faith ventured to say.

"Fiddlesticks! Fou're only a girl, Faith, and you don't understand. I'm Faith, and you don't understand. I'm not pretending to do anything now. I'm just enjoying myself, and taking things easy before I go to work."

Faith could have said a good deal more; but she knew Tom could not stand much even from her, so she re-

she questioned as the Vicar and Mary

Tregelles drew near. erhaps-I'll see. But you won't like dancing with me_I haven't danced since I don't know when, and I dare say I have forgotten all about

"Oh, yes, I shall!" declared Faith, with a calm confidence and perfect

.Well, I will tell them at the sew. ing school of your kind offer," said the Vicar, in clear distinct tones, as he and his companion came up to the porch; "and I am sure there are many who will be glad to take advantage of

Tom nudged Faith-an expressive nudge, conveying a vast amount of scornful incredulity as to the mothers' sewing school having formed the only, or even the chief subject of the tete-stete in the faint autumn sunshine. The boy and girl glanced at the pair with en eyes that were quick to note the great golden chrysanthemums in Miss Tregelles' delicately-gloved hand, which had been plucked and given to her in the course of the stroll down the gravel path.

The Vicar was a tall man of about forty-not what would be called handsome, but very aristocratic in appearance, with close cropped brown hair showing a little under his cleri-cal hat, and a short thick, "wellgroomed" brown beard and moustache. He had a large aquline nose, which Tom had made the joke of the village. He had a long striding step, and his head was thrown back with an unconscious hauteur, which, together with his somewhat reserved manner, had gained him the epithet of "proud" among those who did not know him well. But his personal friends and near neighbors and the poor in his parish united in telling a different

Mary Fregelles was reserved too under the surface of cheerfulness which so agreebly brightened her uncle Berkeley's houseuncle and hold: and these two, who seemed so friendly now, had held shyly aloof for some time after her comfeel sure, would she." ing. just twelve months since, to live on the ing. just twelve months since, to live at the manor during the absence of her brother, Lieutenant Tregelles, at the seat of the war in Zululand. She was a beautiful, calm, mild-tempered wom-Faith Freke smiled again, flushing an, with dark, wavy hair, soft eyes

and a fair, pure complexion, and, having independent means of her own, besides her attractions of beauty and disposition, she had not reached the age of twenty-eight without having received more than one offer of marriage from rash young men who could not or would not see that her gentleness only veiled indifference. So far, Mary

Tragelles had remained fancy free.
"Now I must say good-bye until this evening," she said, including them all in her pleasant smile as she paused in front of the old stone porch. "Why, what's up this evening?" en-

quired Tom. "Nothing for you, dear-only the women's annual tea in the school-

Faith and Agnes and I are going to help." "Faith, have you the book ready for Miss Tregelles?" asked the Vicar, and

Faith handed him the volume she had been holding.

You will allow me to accompany you?" he said to Mary as he handed the book to her. "I have to go past

the manor gates. Tom made another grimace at Faith expressive of disgust at his position of 'daisy-picker" during the walk home: and Faith laughed and was still smil-

"Yes-I am so glad!"

.. More than Mrs. Stephenson is then! She looked quite scared. People will begin to be careful how they include me in their invitations just fo politeness' sake after this!"

"Nonsense, Tom! They are only surprised to see you because you never go anywhere. How nice you look!" Faith Freke glanced at him criticaly and admiringly-fondly, some peo e would have said. The subje her eulogium quite justified it. Tom Berkeley was at all times a remarkably handsome lad; but now, in evening dress, with his light brown hair brushed smooth and the bright gaslight enhancing every charm of his delicate fascinating face, he attracted every eye. He was tall, lithe and active, and had delicate features, an exquisitely clear skin that would have made the fortune of a London professional beauty, and large, brilliant blue eyes with black eyebrows and long black lashes. Faith Freke might well be proud of her partner for the dance. She was no beauty herself-only an insignificant little girl in a white muslin dress, with snub features and a pair of round cheeks into which the heat or the excitement had brought a very

pretty glow that night. When the polka was over, Mrs Stephenson, a portly widow-lady with three daughters to marry, came bustling up with a very different expression on her face from that with which she had greeted Tom on his entrance. She was fresh, in fact, from a conversation in which she had been taking a part on the other side of the room "What a handsome boy!" her visitor

and said to her, as she sat between two of the daughters of the house. She and only just come down from her room, and saw Tom go by with Faith Freke.

"Oh, yes-Tom is handsome!" said oulsa, the eldest of "the three Louisa, the eigest of the Graces," as Tom had mockingly dubbed the Stephenson girls. She ob-jected to being called by her baptis-mal name, or even to having it abbreviated to Louis or Loo-nothing less than "Louise" met her approval. "But he is so shockingly wild!" she

"Interesting!" returned her friend her eyes lighting up. with his arm in a sling, after a night's posching and a south with the gamekeepers, and the next with two black

"What a she Yes: Tom isn't often so ole as he is this evening.

with the disreputable alons with whom he spends nearly his time—he knocks their teeth on their throats for half a word. ad gets a black eye or a broken head

"Oh, now I am charmed! "I do so admire a racket! Mrs. Stephenson."

—turning to her hostess with clasped hands and an ingenuous air of eagerness—"you really must introduce him to me! Now do, to please me!"

"the certainty my days" returned.

"Oh, certainly, my dear." returned the plump, placid-looking widow, who however, under her calm exterio kept a very shrewd and sharp lookout for possibilities of settling her three not very attractive daughters. and was quite willing that Louise' friend, who had come upon the scene at a rather inopportune moment with her London tollettes and her personal charms, should amuse herself with poor, idle, handsome Tom Berkeley rather than unsettle the minds of any of the few eligible men in the neigh-borhood, particularly that of Mr. Rowland, a young widower, who had been induced finally to settle his heart upon her eldest—the fair Louisa. "Tom might be worse,"-indulgently. "Mrs. Berkeley is not his own mother, and he meets with no sympathy at home. which is so bad for a young man you know; and his cousin, Mary Tregelles, who has lived with them the past year and has reached an age when she might exercise a wholesome motherly influence over him, seems to think of nothing but running after the Vicar; so the poor lad is left to go on un-checked in his wild ways."

And then Mrs. Stephenson, having done what she could to arouse interest in and sympathy for the "detri-mental," went to fetch him, leaving er guest pressing her lips together to hide the smile that would force its way as she looked over at Mary Tregelles. The widow's jealousy was very palpable.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Uncomplimentary to the Parson. The roaring of one of the majestic animals, upon nearing the Zoologica gardens in Philadelphia, seemed to keep the lion, for the moment, the prominent theme of a chatty conversation, and a passenger pertinently remarked that some thirty years ago southern clergyman, whom he knew, said familiarly to one of his own slaves, who had attended his Sunday morning service:- "Peter, how did you like my sermon yesterday morn-

"Ah, massa, very much, very much." replied Pete, "you looked jes like a

"Lion, Peter," said his master why you never saw a lion, and to my knowledge we have had no menagerie at Pensacola in your time,

"I knows dat, massa, but I have een one anyhow, for Tom rides him down to the spring by here every

day."
...Why, Peter." said his master, "that is a jackass, and not a lion at

Poor Peter, in his honest simplicity, did not try to wiggle out of this, but he said to his good master: "Well, Massa, I can't help it, for dat's jes de way you looked!"

They Do Not Speak Now.

They had both lost their husbands one was a widow of 50, the other about 23. The older one called upon the younger one to condole with her. ing when Miss Tregelles turned round and they wept upon one another's to remind her to be down at the necks and recalled the merits of the

dear deceased. It was astonishing how much the old husband and the young one had been alike in their disposition and character -at least they both saw a distinct resemblance in every point, which shows that matrimoney does not really change a man, nor age either—when ne is dead. But they had a most de lightful time until the young one, putting her arms around the old one's

neck, sobbed through her tears: "I know it is selfish of me to say s much about my own sorrow. But really I do feel that it is so much worse for you than for me. know how I would have felt if this had happened to me when I was your age, and no chance of getting another. The tears froze suddenly, and the old one does not speak now as she

passes by.

Wisdom From a Child. In Stamford, Conn., two children attended service at the church of which Rev. Mr. Vail is pastor. Mr. Vail repeated the words: "There is nowhere, no place, that God is not. In an audible whisper Pauline said to her brother: "He don't know about it, does he? But I'll tell him after church." Just as the preacher des cended the pulpit steps a breathless little figure caught hold of him and said. pantingly: "You don't know about God, Mr. Vail, and I must tell you. He isn't everywhere like you think he is, 'cause the Bible says:
'God is not in the thoughts of the wicked.' That's why he doesn't always get into me, but I am going to try to be good this week, so He'll come." And as Mr. Vail took the bright-eyed little one into his arms he added naively: "You don't know everything, do you, Mr. Vall?"-King-

Testing a Diamond. If doesn't require an expert to tell whether a diamond is genuine or not. The test is very sim le and can be made in any place and in a moment All you need is a piece of paper and i small dot on the paper, then look at it through the diamond. If you can see but one dot you may depend upon it the stone is genuine, but if the mark is scattered or shows more than one. you will be perfectly safe in refusing to pay ten cents for a stone that may be offered you at \$500.

Rapid Treatment -"How is your husband Aunt Cynthia?" Aunt Cynthia - "He's "Did you give him the

in de whole bottle ter wunst.
ated to hurry up and get well
r gwine to de show ter night!"

A BLESSING OR A CURSE

Dr. Talmage on the Possibilities of the Coming World's Fair.

All the Nations of the Earth will Contribute to it-Their Products Their Manufactures and their Vices-Welcome the Good and Shun the Bad.

The sermon of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in Breoklyn Tabernacle last Sunday was instened to by the usual overflowing audience. His subject was "The Commy world's Fair, Shall It Be Made a Blessing or a Curse!" His text was Ezekiei xxvii, 12: "They traded in thy fairs." He said:

Fairs may be for the sale of goods or for the exhibition of goods on a small scale or a large scale, for county or city, for one us to the fairs of ancient Tyre, a city that is now extinct. Part of the city was on an island, and part on the mainland. Alexander, the conquerer, was much embarrassed when he found so much of the city was on an island, for he had no ships. But his milliary genins was not to be balked. Having marched his army is the beach, he ordered them to tear up the city on the mainland and throw it into the water and build a causeway two hundred feet wide to the island. So they took that part of the city which was on the mainland and with it built a causeway of timber and brick and stone, on which his army marched to the capture of that part of fine city which was on the island, as though a hostile army should put Brooklyn into the Eastriver, and over it march to the capture of New York. That Tyrian causeway of ruins which Alexander's army built, is still there, gad by alluvial deposits has permanently united the island to the mainland, so that it is no longer an island but a promontory. The saint the creaters of all underus to the fairs of ancient Tyre, a city that there, and by alluvial deposits has permancally united the island to the mainland, so
that it is no longer an island but a promontory. The sand, the greatest of all undertakers for burying cities, having covered
up for the most part. Baalbee and Palmyra
and Thebes and Memphis and Carthage and
Habylon and Luxor and Jericho, the sand, so
small and yet so mighty, is now gradually
giving rites of sepanture to what was left
of Tyre. But, oh, what a magnificent city
it once was! Mistress of the sea! Queen
of international commerce! All nations
casting their crowns at her feet! where
we have in our sailing vessels benches of
wood, she had tenches of ivory. Where
we have in our sailing vessels benches of
wood, she had tenches of ivory. Where
we have for our masts of ships sails of
coarse canvas, she had sails of richest embroidery.

The chapter from which my text is taken
after enumerating the richest constries in
all the world says of Tyre; "They traded
in thy fairs." Look in upon a world's fair
at Tyre. Ezekiel leads us through one de
partment and it is a horse fair, Under fed
and over drived for ages, the horses of to
day give you no idea of the splendid ani
malls which, rearing and plunging and
snorting and neighing, were brought down
over the plank of the ships and led into the
world's fair at Tyre until Ezekiel, who was
a minister of religion and not supposed to
know much about horses, cried out in
admiration: "They of the house of
Togarmah traded in thy fairs with horses."
Here in another department of that world's
fair at Tyre, led on by Ezekiel the prophet,

Here in another department of that world's fair at Tyre, led on by Ezekiel the prophet, we find everything all ablaze with precious stones. Like peir filed snow are the corals; like fragments of fallen sky are the sap-phires; and here is agate a blash with all phires; and here is agate a blush with colors. What is that aroma we inhale! is from chests of codar which we open, and find them filled with all styles of fabric. But the aromatics increase as we pass down this lane of enchantment, and here are cassis and frankincense and balm. Led on by Erekiel the prophet, we come to an agricultural fair with a display of wheat from Minnith and Panuag, rich as that of our modern Dakota or Michigan. And here is a mineralogical fair, with specimens of iron and silver and tin and lead and gold. But halt, for here is purple, Tyrian purple, all thits and shades, deep almost unto the black and bright almost unto the black of t from chests of cedar which we open, and ad them filled with all styles of fabric.

and it has been decided that, in commer and it has occared action that it comments ration of the discovery of America in 1492, there shall be held in this country in 1892 a world's fair that shall cellips all proceeding national expositions. I say, God speed the movement! Surely the event commemorated is worthy of all the architecture. the movement! Surely the event commemorated is worthy of all the architecture and music and pyrotechnics and eloquent and stupendous planning and monetary expenditure and congressional appropriations which the most sanguage Christian patriot basever dreamed of. Was any voyage that the world eyer heard of crowned with such an arrival as that of Columbus and his ment After they had been encouraged for the last few days by flight of land birds and floating branches of red berries, and while Columbus was down in the cabin studying the sea chart, Martin Pinzon, standing on deck, and looking to the southwest, cried: "Land! Land! Land!" And "Gloria in Excelsis" was sung in raining tears on all the three ships of the expedition. Most appropriate and patriotic and Christian will be a commemorative world's fair in America in 1892. Leaving to others the discussion as to the site of such exposition—and I wonder not that some five or six of our cities are struggling to have it, for it will give to any city to which it is assigned an impulse of prosperity for a hundred years—I say, leaving to others the selection of the particular locality to be thus honored, I want to say some things from the point of Christian patriotism which ought to be said, and the earlier the better, that we get thousands of people talking in the right direction, and that will make healthful public opinion. I beg you to consider prayerfully what I feel called upon of God as an American citizen and as a preacher of righteousness to utter.

My first suggestion is that it is not wise,

upon of God as an American citizen and as a preacher of righteousness to utter.

My first suggestion is that it is not wise, as certainly it is not Christian, to continue this wide and persistent attempt of American cities to belittle and depreciate other cities. It has been going on for years, but now the spirit seems to culminate in this discussion as to where the World's fair shull be held, a style of discussion which has tendence to the world's fair now the spirit seems to culminate in this discussion as to where the World's fair shall be held, a style of discussion which has a tendency to injure the success of the fair as a great moral and patriotic enterprise, after the locality has been decaded upon. There is such a thing as heaithful rivalry between cities, but you will bear me out in saying that there can be no good to come from the uncamy things said about each other by New York and Chicago, by Chicago and St. Louis, by St. Paul and Minacapois, by Tacoma and Scattle, and all through the states by almost every two proximate cities. All cities, like individuals, have their virtues and their vices. All our American titles should be our exuitation. What churches! What asylums of mercy! What academies of music! What made and scholarship! what shools and colleges and universities! What women radiant and gracious and an improvement on all the generations of women since Eve! What philanthropists who do not feel satisfied with their own charities until they get into the hundreds of thousands and the millions! What "God's acres" for the dead, gardens of beauty and palaces of marbie for those who sleep the last sleep! Now stop your slander of American cities. Do you say they are tene centers of intelligence and generosity and the mightiest patrons of architecture and seculture and painting and music and reservoirs of religious influence for all the continent. It will be well for the country districts to cease talking against the cities of other localities. New York will not get to word's rair by depreciating Chicago, and Chicago will not get the World's fair by bembarding New York.

Another suggestion concerning the coming exposition: lat not the materialistic and monetary loca overpower the moral and religious. During that exposition, the first time in all their lives, there will be thou and of people from other londs who will go a country without a state religion whatever it may be. Although our last two presidents

have been Presbyterians, the previous one was an Episcopalian; and the two previous, Nethodists; and roing further buck in that line of presidents, we find Martin Van Buren a Dutch Reformed; and John Quincy Adams a Unitarian; and a man's religion in this country is neither hindrance nor advantage in the matter of political elevation. All Europe needs that. All the world needs that A man's religion is something between himself and his God, and it must not, directly or indirectly, he interferred with.

not, directly or indirectly, be interferred with.

Furthermore, during that exposition, Christian civilization will confront barbarism. We shall, as a nation have a greater opportunity to make an evangelizing impression upon foreign nationalities, than would otherwise be afforded us in aquarter of a century. Let the churches of the city where the exposition is held be open every day, and prayers be offered and sermons preached and doxologies sung. In the less than three years between this and that world's convocation, let us get a bardism of the Holy Ghost, so that the six months of that world's fair shall be fifty Pentecosts in one, and instead of three converted, as in the former Pentecost, hundreds of thousands will be converted. You must remember that the Pentecost mentioned in the Bible occurred when there was no printing press, no books, no Christian pamphiets, no religious newspapers, and yet the influence was tremendous. How many nationalities were touched? The account says: "Parthians and Medes and Elamites," that is, people from the eastern countries: "Dyrugia and Pamphylia," that is, the southern countries: "Cyrene and strangers of Rome, Creles and Arabians," that is, the southern countries: but they were all moved by the mighty spectale. Instead of the sixteen or eighteen and strangers of frome, Cretes and Arabians," that is, the southern countries; but they were all moved by the mighty spectacle. Instead of the sixteen or eighteen tribes of people reported at that Pentecost, all the chief nations of Europe and Asia, North and South America, will be represented at our world's fair in 1832, and a Pentecost here and then would mean the salvation of the round world.

But, you say, we may have at that fair the people of all lands and all the machinery for goapelization, the religious printing presses and the churches, but all that would not make a Pontecost; we must have God. Well, you can have him. Has he not been raciously waiting; and nothing stands in the way but our own unbelief and indolence and sin. May God break down the barriers! The grandest opsortunity for the evangelization of all nations since Jesus Christ died on the cross will be the World's exposition [582]. God may lake us out of the har.

ration of all nations since Josus Christ died on the cross will be the World's exposition of 1892. God may take us out of the harvest field before that, but let it be known throughout Christendom that that year, between May and November, will be the mountain of Christian advantage, the Alpine and Himalayan height of opportunity overtopping all others for salvation, instead of the stow process of having to send the gospel to other lands by our own American missionaries, who have difficult toil in acquiring the foreign prejudices, what a grand thing to have able and influential foreigners converted during their visit in America and then have them return to their native lands with the glorious tidings! Oh, for an over-

then have them return to their native lands with the glorious tidings! Oh, for an overwhelming work of grace for the year 1882, that work beginning in the autumn of 1882! Another opportunity, if our public mensee it, and it is the duty of pulpit and printing press to help them to see it, will be the calling at that time and place of a great peace congress for all nations. The convention of representatives from the governments of North and South America, now at Washington, is only a type of what we may have on a vast and a world wide scale at the international exposition of 1821. By one stroke the gorgon of war might be slain and buried so deep that neither transpet of human disoute or of archangel's blowing could resurrect it. When the last Napoleon called such a congress of nations many did not respond, and gress of nations many did not respond, and those that did respond gathered wondering what trap that wily destroyer of the French republic and the builder of a French mon-archy might spring on them. But what if the most popular government on earth—I mean the United States government—should practically say to all nations: On the American conlinent, in 1822, we will hold a world's fair, and all nations will

government is the only government in the whole world that could successfully call such a congress. Suppose France should call it, Germany would not come; or Germany should call it, France would not come; or Itussia should call it, Tarkey would not come; or England should call it, nations long jealous of her overstandowing power in Europe would not come. America, in favor with all nationalities, standing out independent and alone, is the spot and 1852 will be the time. May it ernment is the only government in the ties, standing out independent and alone, is the spot and 1882 will be the time. May it please the president of the United States, may it please the secretacy of state, may it please the cabinet, may it please the senate and house of representatives, may it please the printing presses and the churches and the people who lift up and put down our American rulers!. To them I make this timely and selemn

American rulers!

To them I make this timely and solemn and Christian appeal. Do you not think people die fast enough without this whole-sale butchery of war! Do you not think that we can trust to pneumonias and consumptions and applexies and palsies and yellow fevers and Asiatic choleras the work of killing them fast enough! Do you not think that the greedy, wide open jaws of the grave ought to be satisfied if filled by natural causes with hundreds of thousands of corpses a year! Do you not think we can do something better with men than to dash their life out against casements or blow them into fragments by torpodoes or send them out into the world, where they need all their faculties, footless, armless, eyeless! Do you not think that women might be appointed to an easier place than the edge of a grave trench to wring their pale hands and weep out their eyesight in widowhood and childlessness! Why, the last glory has gone out of war. rone out of war.
There was a time when it demanded that

quality which we all admire—namely, courage—for a man had to stand at the courage-for a man had to stand at the hilt of his sword when the point pierced the foe, and while he was slaying another the other might slay him; or it was bayonet charge. But now it is cool and deliberate murder, and clear out at sea a bombshell can be hurled miles away into a city, or while thousands of private soldiers, who have no interest in the contest, for they were conscripted, are losing their lives, their general may it smoking one of the best Hawana eigars after a dinner of quall on toast. It may be well enough for graduating students of colleges on commencement day to orate about the poetry of war, but do not talk about the poetry of war to the men of the Federal or Confederate armies who were at the front, or to some of us who, as members of the Christian commission, saw the ghastly hospitals at Antietam and Hagerstown. Ab' you may worship the Lord of Hosts, I worship the "God of Peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep."

War is an accursed monster and it was born in the lowest cavern of perdition, and I pray that it may speedly descend to the piace from which it arose, its last sword and shield and musket rattling on the bottom of the rod hot mari of hell. Let there be called a peace convention of 1892, with delegates sent by all the decent governments of Christendom, and while they are in session, if you should some night go out and look into the sky above the exposition buildings, you may fail that the old gallery of crystal, that was taken down after the letchlehem anthem of eighteen centuries ago was sung out, is rebuild a given in the clouds, and the same and the other might slay him; or it was bayone charge. But now it is cool and deliberate

taken down after the Sethlehem authem of eighteen centuries ago was sung out, is re-built again in the clouds, and the same an-gelic singers are returned with the same librettes of light to chant "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

to men." Again, I suggest in regard to the World's fair that, while appropriate places are prepared for all foreign exhibits, we make no room for the importation of foreign vices. America has enough of its own need no new installments of that world's fair will bring all kinds of good and bad. The good we must to welcome, the bad we must p shun. The attempt will again be shun. The attempt will again be made in shrt, as in 1870, to break us our American Sabbaths. The American Sabbath is the best kept Sabbath on earth. We do not want it any of the foreign Sabbaths, which are no Sabbat is at all. I think the Lora is more than generous a asking only fifty twodays out of the 35 for his service. You let the Sabbath go and with it will go your Hibble, and after that your liberties, and some chil-

than generous to asking only fifty twodays out of the 32s for his service. You let the Sabbat's go and with it will go your Hible, and aft at that your liberties, and your children or your grandchildren will be here in America under a despotism as bad as in those lands where they turn the Lord's day into wassail and frolic.

Among those who come there will be, as at other expositions, lordly people who will bring their vices with them. Among the dukes at duchesses and princes and princesaes of other lands are some of the test men and women of all the earth. Remember Earl of Kintore, Lord Cairns and Lord Shaftesbury. But there is a snobbory and funkeyism in American society that runs after a grandee, a duke, a lord or a prince, though he may be a walking luzarette and his breath a plague. It makes the fortune of some of our queens of society to dance one cotillion with one of these princely lepers. Some people cannot get their hat off quick enough when they see such a foreign lord approaching, and they do not care for the mire into which they drop their kness as they bow to worship. Let no splendor of ped gree or any pomp and paraphernalia of circumstance make him attractive. There is only one set of Ten Commandments that I ever heard of, and no class of men or women in all the world are excused from obedience to those laws written by inger of lightning on the granite surface of Mount Sinai. Surely we have enough American vices without making any drafts upon European vices for 1892.

By this sermon I would have the nation

Surely we have enough American vices without making any drafts upon European vices for 1882.

By this sermon I would have the nation made aware of its opportunity and get ready to improve it, and of some perils and get ready to improve it, and of some perils and get ready to combat them. I rejuce to believe that the advantages will overtop everything in the world's fair. What an introduction to each other of communities, of states, of republics, of empires, of zones, of hemispheres! What doors of information will be swung wide open for the boys and gris now on the threshold! What national and international education! What crowning of Industry with sheaves of grain, and what imperial robing of her with embroidered fabrics! What scientific apparatus! What telescopes for the infinitude above and microscopes for the infinitude beneath, and the instruments to put nature to the torture until she tells her last secret! What a display of the munificence of the God who has grown conough wheat to make a loaf of good bread large enough for the human race, and enough cotten to stocking every foot, and enough cotten to stocking every foot, and enough cotten to shelter every head, making it manifest that it is not God's fault, but either man's oppression or indelence or dissipation if there be any without supply.

Under the arches of the chief building of that exposition let Capital and Labor, too long estranged, at least be married, each

Under the arches of the chief building of that exposition let Capital and Labor, too long estranged, at least be married, each taking the hand of each in please of eternal fidelity, while representations of all nations stand round reploicing at the maptials, and saying: "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Then small the threnody of the needle woman no longer be heard:

Work, work, work!

Till the britis begins to swim;

Work, work, work!

Till the each stream and dim.

Seam and grasset into hand.

Till over the bustons I had asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.

O, Christian America: Make ready for

O, Christian America! Make ready for O, Christian America! Make ready for the granucat exposition ever seen under the sun! Have bibles enough bound. Have churches enough established. Have scientifie halls enough endowed. Have printing presses enough set up. Have re-vivals of religion enough in full blast. I be-lieve you will. "Hosanim to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

Through the harsh voices of our day A low sweet aroln in finds his way; Through chanks or Joint and creeds of fear A light is oreaking on and clear.

That a ne of love, now low and far, fre longshall swell from s ar to star; That I she, the breaking day, which tips The goiden spired Apocalypse! Swiss Form of Government.

the American continent, in 1832, we will hold a world's fair, and all nations will send to it specimens of their products, their manufactures and their arts, and we invite all the governments of Europe, Asia and Africa to send representatives to a peace convention that shall be heal at the same time and place, and that shall establish an international arbitration commission to whom shall be referred all controversies between nation and nation, their decision to be final, and so all nations would be releved from the expense of standing armics and avail equipment, war having been made an ever-fasting impossibility.

All the nations of the earth worth consideration would come to it, mighty men of England and Germany and France and Russia and all the other great nationalities, Bismarck who worships the Lord of frosts, and Gladstone who worships the God of Peace, and Boulancer who worships himself. The fact is that the nations are sick of drinking out of chalces made out of human skulls and filled with blood. The United States government is the only government in the whole world that could successfully world that successfully world that successfully world that successfully world that successf

or rejection. Indeed, to such an extent does this idea of the sovereignty of the people enter into the govern-mental system that any citizen has the right to submit a law to the National Assembly, and to demand that it be acted upon. Strangely enough, this right is seldom asserted, aithough one shudders to think what would be the

result if each voter should decide to try his "prentice hand" at law-making.

Although the reference of all laws to the vote of the people might naturally be supposed to lessen the influence of the National Assembly, yet it has been found to act as a wholesome check or the Radical majority in the Assembly. Another effect is to do away with any such thing as party government. No matter what the result of the appeal to the people might be the members of the Government serve out their term. The heads of departments are not interfered with by elections, and subordinate officers generally retain their places in spite of a change of government. The salaries for the higher offices, however, are low, and not everyone can afford to fill them. - Phila

Yankees in Palestine.

Among the people who confidently believe that the Jews will soon again own Palestine, is a colony of fifteen persons who live in a fine house built on the very walls of Jerusalem and who are known as "the Americans." These people are not Jews at all. They . are Christians who have come here from different parts of the United States, and more especially from Chicago, to await the fulfillment of the prophecy that God will regenerate the world beginning at Jerusalem. They believe that this day is close at and they say it has begun in the Jews coming back to Palestine. They see its fulfillment in the improvements that are going on in Jerusalem, and cite the new roads that have been built over he country as one of the evidences of it. They are evidently people of means is well as of refinement and culture. When I visited them the other day I alked with several of them and found them intelligent and well educated. sked one as to their belief and was answered that they had come to Jerualem to endeavor to follow its precepts while living upon its walls. The no particular creed, and one of them said when asked as to this, that there is too much preaching and too little good living. They do no missionary work and say that they have not felt called upon to preach. They spend much of their time in Bible study and singing, and are much respected among the foreigners who reside in Jerusalem. —Philadelphia Times.

Bon't Be Discouraged, Hannah, In her breach of promise suit against Chas Ray, Hannah Joffreys, a Hart mestic, said he was the sevents thap who had promised to marry he and then went back on his word. I looks tough to toy with a girl's hear-that way, but Hannah shoulda's go discouraged. A United States senator may come along at any moment.